

Two Blue Moons by theliteraltrash

Category: Barry (TV 2018), IT (Movies - Muschietti)

Genre: Barry Berkman and Richie Tozier Are Twins, Estrangement, F/M, Family Bonding, Family Drama, Family Issues, Family Secrets, M/M, Murder, Reconciliation, Second Chances

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Relationships: Barry Berkman & Monroe Fuches, Barry Berkman & Sally Reed, Barry Berkman/Sally Reed, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier & Barry Berkman, Richie Tozier & Everyone

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Summary:

Barry Berkman and Richie Tozier haven't been close since they shared an embryo. After moving to LA, Barry wants to get back in touch with his brother.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Title is a song by Watsky and the lyrics in the fic are from that song (Two Blue Moons by Watsky)

My lips got unzipped, I quipped some dumb shit

Our folks were so sick, it made them cringe

I followed my jaw's lead, and came unhinged

I'm sorry man, but can the shit end here?

Cause we haven't really talked in about ten years

And that's ten too many cause if you were anyone else

I wouldn't see you in myself

Barry Berkman-Tozier dropped his father's name when he finished his first tour in Afghanistan. He was tired of how the others tended to react to him when he first enlisted. Rich really had started making a name for himself, and if Barry couldn't separate himself with his appearance, he could add the separation by taking their mother's maiden name. He could remember Richie proclaiming he was going to be a world famous ventriloquist, and now he was a comic with the same level of fame as Jeff Dunham. That dude was actually a ventriloquist, but Richie had seemed to have stopped doing his Voices.

He had forgotten that Richie lived in LA when he moved there. To be fair, Richie was on tour at the time. Barry remembered when Fuches told him about the start of the tour, because he actually kept track of Richie. In the phone call they had while Barry was driving upon arriving in LA, Fuches had said that Richie was doing a show in Louisville that weekend. He hadn't given Barry any room to respond, he somehow connected it to anything he had to say about the hit.

When he had some off time, he watched recordings of Richie's recent stuff. There was a disconnect there, and Barry had a feeling that the material was written by someone else. Richie never mentioned having a brother, or their childhood. That was all vague, aside from stories of Richie being 11 and finding porno mags in a tree in Cleveland. That wasn't even true, they didn't move to Cleveland until they were 14. He didn't particularly remember where they lived, but he remembered Fuches being glad he no longer had to travel out of state to see his "favorite nephew". Most of Richie's material was gross sex and masturbation stories, along with the occasional pot story. It didn't feel like Richie.

They hadn't seen each other in about 20 years, and hadn't spoken in 8. Maybe Richie really had changed that much, and Barry just hadn't noticed. It didn't seem like Richie knew about the killing people thing, let alone that Maggie had done it when she felt like the twins were old enough to take care of themselves. Fuches liked to brag about that - he had convinced the wife of a dentist, the man that saved him during Vietnam, to work for him. But, Mags was dead and Barry was his hit man. Richie was off touring the country, doing specials for Comedy Central, and pretending to be a 40 year old man that was still in a fraternity.

Barry didn't understand Richie when they were growing up. He was the loud one, always getting dirty and making anything a joke. They were very different, so they drifted apart when they started making friends. Well, when Richie did. Barry remembered, very vaguely, that he had a tendency of staying home or going hunting with Went and Fuches, but Richie had friends. Barry didn't remember names or faces, but he remembered being in his room and listening to the sound of four boys yelling and laughing in the next room over, or being at home while Richie was out somewhere else. He didn't have a problem with it, Barry knew they were different people. Richie was outgoing, loud, and performative. Barry was not.

Until he had to kill Ryan Madison.

Being on stage, hearing the applause. Barry finally got it. He wondered, for a moment, with the spotlight in his eye if that was how Richie felt every time he made someone laugh. It was exhilarating, and for the first time in a long time Barry wanted to talk

to his brother.

Nick, a guy in the acting class, narrowed his eyes and pursed his lips when they were at Residuals. Sally, the nice bubbly woman, was dancing with her friends, so the small table was kind of empty. "You've never been to LA before?" Nick asked.

Barry shook his head. "Not even on a trip."

He nodded, but he didn't look like he believed him. "I swear I've seen you before."

"I probably just have one of those faces," Barry shrugged.

"You should fix that," Ryan, his target, said. "If you want to make it you have to stand out."

Barry furrowed his brows and turned to Ryan. "Are you suggesting plastic surgery?"

It took some time, but Barry finally managed to find Richie's actual Facebook account after Sally had made him an account as Barry Block. So, he sent him a request. The account was private, but Barry didn't mind. It took a few hours, but Richie accepted the request. Immediately, Barry got a message.

Richard Berkman

whats w the "barry block" bs???

Barry Block

Moved to LA a few weeks ago. Joined an acting class, someone suggested a stage name.

Richard Berkman

Why The Fuck did you wait until now to add me on here you bitch

Barry Block

I just got the account.

Sorry, I kind of fell off the map after I got back from Afghanistan.

We should talk more again.

Richard Berkman

dude dont worry lmao you had a fucking breakdown were good

so... LA and acting class

could we meet up in person? maybe I could sit in on the class

watch my baby bro do his thing on the small stage

Barry Block

We could start with dinner or something. I'd have to ask Mr. Cousineau if you can sit in and observe.

Also, we're the same age, fuck you.

Richard Berkman

Cousineau? like,,, Gene Cousineau?

Barry Block

Yeah!

Richard Berkman

socydochdcos FUCK i heard he charges way too much for his classes how the fuck do you afford that

Barry Block

I'm not broke. I have enough money. Plus I have a job. Like an adult. Because I am one.

Richard Berkman

should i pick you up for dinner or are we gonna meet somewhere? gotta be away from the paps

Barry Block

We could meet at this bar called Residuals. They serve bar food there.

Richard Berkman

wow you really are a new to LA acting student

havent heard the name Residuals in years

Barry Block

So that's a yes?

Richard Berkman

hell yeah

is 10 cool?

Barry Block

Yeah.

With that, the green dot next to Richie's name vanished. He sent Sally a text to confirm that meant Richie was offline. Then, he smiled at the thought of reconnecting with his brother.

Richie on the other hand, logged out of Facebook and lit a cigarette to calm his nerves. It wasn't that he didn't miss Barry, it was just terrifying to actually be talking to him again. A crash of memories of Barry staring blankly as they watched documentaries from Animal Planet that dad put on TV. He didn't even flinch when the gazelles were torn open completely uncensored in front of them. Maybe Barry was just an odd teenager. Richie couldn't know for sure until they met up.

He put on some jeans, a pink Hawaiian shirt, and a black hoodie. Hopefully he wasn't famous enough for the crowd at Residuals to take pictures of them to post online. With his luck, he would be. TMZ would get a hold of the pictures and plaster a headline about Richie being ashamed of his family. It wasn't true, they just weren't close.

Just in case, he sent a text to his manager. "Fucking twin same face syndrome," he hissed as he blew out the smoke.

It was nice to be back in the part of LA that was the place to be for newcomers. Richie had never understood nostalgia, but seeing familiar sights he hadn't seen in years really gave him a good picture

as to why so many people care about it. The neon lights, and the very small crowd. He had missed the times when he could go to places like this frequently.

Barry was already there, drinking a beer while hunched over in a booth. His eyes were on the dance floor, and when Richie glanced to where he was looking he saw a pretty blonde woman dancing with a man Richie swore he once had sex with. He wasn't noticed until he took a seat next to his brother.

"Did you know that women tend to find it creepy when men stare at them?" Richie raised his eyebrows.

Barry looked at him and took a drink of his beer. "She said I'm suffering from toxic masculinity."

Richie stared at him for a moment, taking in the resigned expression, before he let out a bark of laughter. "Oh dude, that sucks," he grabbed Barry's beer and took a quick swig before putting it back. "What brings you to LA, though?"

Barry was back to looking at the woman. Richie rolled his eyes and looked at her, only to see her stop dancing while laughing with the man in front of her. "I needed a change," Barry sighed. "I was really depressed, so Fuches suggested I go somewhere with more life." The woman turned and looked their way, freezing completely before her eyes went as wide as saucers.

"Do you think she thinks you have a clone?" Richie said. The woman grabbed the man in front of her, and began making her way over to them. "Is that guy a friend?"

Barry nodded. "They're both in my acting class."

There wasn't much time before the other side of the booth was occupied. The man sat in front of Barry, and the woman sat in front of Richie. Apparently, the 'toxic masculinity' thing was a big issue. "Oh my god, you two look exactly alike," she said in a way that was all too much like every other pretty blonde white woman that thought she could make it in Hollywood.

"It's what happens when you share an embryo," Richie grinned.

Barry cleared his throat. "Nick, Sally, this is my brother Richie. Rich, this is Nick and Sally."

Nick looked Richie up and down and raised his eyebrows with interest. "Have we met before?"

Vivid memories of a gay club in West Hollywood flashed across Richie's mind. It was quick and dirty, in the bathroom while the guy was on a break from bartending. "That depends on your opinion of Lana Del Rey's Summertime Sadness," he tilted his head, grabbing Barry's beer in an attempt to mask his blush.

Sally furrowed her brows and looked at Nick. Richie nodded, and Nick whispered in her ear. "You two met?" Barry asked.

Richie shrugged. "It was a couple years ago at a bar."

There was a moment of silence where Sally looked at Richie with a manic grin and Barry considered what that could mean. "You're gross," he seemed to settle on that. "I do not need to know these details."

"He didn't even say anything!" Nick laughed. "You're just a prude."

Barry rolled his eyes. "I hear enough of what I don't want to hear with his standup."

That, he hadn't known. Barry made an effort to find him, while Richie had let his memories of bad feelings cloud his judgement. "If it makes you feel any better, none of what I say in my sets is true," Richie took off his hoodie. "My manager got me a ghostwriter."

"So, you're like... famous," Sally turned to Barry. "Why didn't you say anything?"

"We lost contact during my second tour," Barry gave a tight smile.

Richie recognized the look in his eyes. It was that clouded emptiness that came when Barry wasn't really sure how to feel because Richie hadn't reacted. Maybe this was because his mind was on the war. "I

mean, I also had a tour but it was a different kind," Richie shrugged. He could try his best to change trains of thought. "I was out there on a new stage every other night, while he was out serving for The Man. What a fucking bitch, dude whatever happened to anarchy."

Barry fixed him with a blank stare. "That was your thing."

Nick cleared his throat and grabbed Sally's arm. "We should leave you two to catch up," he said.

"See you in class, Barry," Sally said as they stood. "It was nice meeting you, Richie."

So, the two were alone again. Well, as alone as they could be in a bar. "Why didn't you get on Facebook sooner?" Richie asked. "We could have gotten in contact much sooner."

Barry shrugged and looked down at the table. "I was doing fine without one."

"Bullshit, you said you were depressed as shit," Richie poked him. If uncle Fuches was the one to suggest Barry do something to better himself, it must have been very bad. "If we got in touch sooner you could have come here earlier. Maybe doing nothing with your life in Cleveland was a bad choice, dude."

Barry still wasn't looking at him. "Are you saying that you would have helped me when I got back?"

There was a pull in his heart. "Yeah, man. You're my brother, and I love you." Richie put his hand on Barry's shoulder. He gave it a gentle squeeze and frowned at how defined the muscles there seemed to be. "Sorry I made you feel like you couldn't come to me," Richie took a deep breath.

"You too," Barry said. "You never came out to me, so I feel like maybe I said something-"

Richie shook his head and let out a tired laugh. "No, that wasn't about you. I never came out to anyone, I just kind of do my thing in the shadows."

Barry grimaced, and Richie knew he had made the mistake of thinking too hard about it. "Jesus."

They talked some more, and Richie couldn't for the life of him figure out what Barry had done with himself after getting back to the states and before he moved to LA. Any time Richie asked a question about it, Barry gave a non-answer and shifted the conversation away from him. Maybe he still had that reclusive tendency to not talk about himself. Richie wasn't sure if that was the case. He felt, deep in his bones, that Barry was hiding something big.

The one thing that Richie could gleam from their conversation was that Barry had been close with uncle Fuches all these years. That connection they seemed to have since childhood carried over to now. He wasn't really sure how to feel about that, considering the bad vibes he had always got from the older man.

Richie remembered being 16, Barry was spending a week in a cabin in the woods with Fuches. Mom had gotten back from a business trip when Richie confronted her about it. He walked into her room while she was taking her long dark hair out of the singular braid it was in. "I don't like uncle Fuches," he said after a couple of moments.

She looked at him, a frown on her face. "Why, honey?"

In hindsight, bringing his concern to her was probably a bad idea. Since they moved to Cleveland, she had gotten close to him too. Richie didn't even know what her job was, just that she worked for Fuches. "He's weird," was what Richie could manage. He sat on her bed while she brushed her hair. "Barry's always alone with him, and I don't like the way he looks at him."

"You don't like the way uncle Fuches looks at Barry?" Maggie seemed to consider it. "How does he look at him?"

Richie pulled at a loose thread on his parents quilt. "It's the way Mr. Johnson looks at Sarah Goodwin," he admitted.

That didn't concern her until a month later, when Mr. Johnson's face was in the newspaper connected to an article saying he abused one of his students. Even then, Maggie didn't do anything as far as Richie

knew. Fuches just stopped talking to him altogether, not even attempting polite conversation.

The only thing Richie could glean from what Barry must have done before moving to LA, was that he worked for Fuches. He had said something about following in mom's footsteps.

Detective Janice Moss was good at her job, and she loved it. Sure, there was always a risk, and the criminals she caught were always so caught up in their own heads. But, she liked protecting people.

Ryan Madison was involved with the Chechens in some way, and they killed him for sleeping with the bosses wife. The question was... who killed the Chechens? Obviously, it was someone close to Ryan that was experienced with killing. He only had two frequent haunts; the gym and the acting class.

As Janice did background checks on each possible suspect, her eyes kept getting drawn to one person in particular. He had a familiar face, very distinct square features. Barry Berkman, born Barry Berkman-Tozier, had moved to LA not too long before Ryan was killed. His twin brother Richard Tozier-Berkman, also known as Richie 'Trashmouth' Tozier, had lived in LA since they were 19 after living in Cleveland for five years. Prior to that, the Berkman-Tozier family had lived in Derry, Maine. Both had clean records, but there was something about them that captured Janice's attention. So, she called the Trashmouth.

"Hewwo, you have weached catboy expwess," the nasally voice cooed over the phone.

Janice rolled her eyes. "Hi, I'm Detective Janice Moss from the LAPD, is this Richard Tozier?"

There was a mumbled curse. "Yeah," the man's voice was normal now. "But, please call me Richie, Richard is too formal. What's this about?"

"I'd like to interview you about the murder of Ryan Madison. Your brother is in his acting class, and I just wanted to follow up with you

on some information," this might not be proper conduct, seeing as she had no evidence that could make her want to question the man, but she had a gut feeling.

She sat, staring at the side-by-side of the twins records, as Richie had a moment of stunned silence. "Yeah, yeah sure. Uh, can we keep it low-key though?"

Janice smiled. "Of course, sir. I've worked with celebrities before. I know the drill."

They discussed a time and a place for the interview, and Janice asked him to not mention it to Barry. He seemed hesitant, but agreed.

It was a day later when Janice was able to sit down with him and chat. They met at his rather large and empty penthouse apartment. Richie obviously had money that his brother lacked. It had everything to do with their professions and the fact that Richie had been in the business decades longer than Barry.

"Can I get you anything to drink?" Richie asked. He stood in the same awkward way he stood during press interviews. The nerves and anxiety were evident, especially in contrast to his stage presence.

Barry had been extremely calm during the interview he had with her. Janice took that into consideration as she shook her head. "This shouldn't take too long. I'm just going to ask a couple of questions and then get out of your hair."

They sat down at his kitchen table. The apartment had a sort of emptiness to it that suggest he slept there, but didn't *live* there, and the kitchen was no different. "Is Barry a suspect?"

Janice shook her head, because at this point he wasn't. He had a sound alibi and it was completely coincidental that he rolled into town just a couple of days before Ryan Madison was killed. Except, Janice couldn't shake this guy feeling. She had to know more about Barry and the acting class. "Do you know when Barry moved to Los Angeles?"

"No," Richie shrugged. "We hadn't spoken to each other since he was

in Afghanistan the second time. Does that make me a shit brother?"

Janice smiled reassuringly. "People drift apart all the time. When did you get back in contact with him?"

Richie pursed his lips and squinted as he leaned back and thought. "Uhh it was the day after I got back from a show I did in Kentucky. He requested my private Facebook."

Janice nodded. He would have to look up when exactly Richie's last out of state show was. It was rather apparent he didn't remember an exact date. "Do you know what Barry was doing before he decided to be an actor?"

Richie shook his head. "It was the same job our mom had. Dad was a dentist, and mom was a stay at home mom until we moved to Cleveland. Then she started working for Uncle Fuches. Barry said he was doing the same thing when he decided to quit for acting."

"Your Uncle Fuches, what's his full name?" Janice pulled out a small writing pad and a pen.

"Monroe Fuches. F-U-C-H-E-S. Dude always gave me the creeps."

"Thank you."

So much for Ramon Diaz working in the corporate office.

Barry, at this point, wasn't a person. He still had Chris' blood on his hands as he made his way into the hotel room. Sally's words echoed through his brain as he turned on the water. *You are so... generous!* It was so similar to what Ryan had said to him the day before he died. No one had ever said anything like that to him before Ryan.

Maybe it was true, and everyone else didn't really know him. That thought churned something awful in his stomach, and he remembered being 11 years old. "Do you really have to go with Uncle Fuches?" Richie had asked.

Barry had shrugged and picked at a scab on Richie's knee. "We're just hunting deer. You could come too."

"If I go, I'll miss my dick appointment with Mrs. K," Richie smirked.

Barry rolled his eyes and shoved Richie, causing him to lay on the floor and laugh. He fully put his legs in Barry's lap. "Why don't you ever want to go hunting with us? It's really fun, and easy."

Richie gave him a look. Normally, it was Barry giving Richie this look. It was the *what the fuck are you talking about* look. "How can shooting something be fun or easy. This isn't a goddamn action movie."

Shooting Chris hadn't been fun, and he hadn't wanted to do it. But, it was easy when he actually carried out the actions of it. He didn't think about Chris' son or his wife. In that moment, his only thought was that he couldn't get caught. Barry had cried and screamed and punched a wall already, so he was empty.

He felt like a shell.

But that wasn't new.

He went to sleep, with his last thought being that he had to follow Taylor's advice and cut Fuches out of his life.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

The first chapter was basically like,,,,, Richie and Barry interacting during Barry season 1 minus the last part of the finale, while this is IT Chapter 2, the next chapter is gonna cover the span of time w the last of the season 1 Barry finale, so on and so forth. Enjoy!! Things are getting hella canon divergent in this bitch

Richie was having drinks with Barry and Sally backstage when he got the call. "Hold on, I gotta take this," he said as he gave his whiskey to Sally. He pulled his phone out of his pocket while she downed the rest of it in one big gulp.

He went out the door, and answered. "Hello," he said. It wasn't often he got calls from unknown numbers on his cell phone. Berkman wasn't a name publicly associated with him. So, he answered the call from the number with a Maine area code.

"Richie Tozier? It's Mike Hanlon," the man on the other end of the line said.

Richie felt the familiar pre-show anxiety turn in his gut at the name. "Mike Hanlon?"

"From Derry."

"Oh!" Richie's eyes widened. How could he have forgotten Mike! The last of the lucky seven. "God, it's been like 26 years, right?"

There was a sound of affirmation. "I called the others, they're set to come back real soon."

"Why?" Richie grimaced at the nausea that was making it hard to breathe. He had forgotten about all of them. Still couldn't remember names aside from Mike.

"We made an oath."

With those words, Richie moved his phone away from his face and vomited off the side of the fire escape. He heard the door open again. Steve asked if he was alright. "I'm gonna have to call you back," Richie said to Mike before he hung up.

Barry had never seen Richie as freaked out as he was in that moment. Not since they were kids, and Richie was being chased on the regular by bullies. He even choked on stage, forgetting his name. Sally followed Barry as he searched for Richie backstage.

They found him in his dressing room grabbing things and putting them back in his duffle bag. "Are you okay?" Sally asked. "What happened?"

Richie huffed and shook his head. "I have to go back to Derry fucking Maine," he said.

Just like that, a rush of memories flooded Barry's mind. Richie running out the door yelling that he was going to meet *the Losers*. Sleepovers with a total of eight kids, Barry only being involved during dinner. Loud laughs, shouts of *Richie shut up*. "Why do we have to go back to Derry?" Barry asked.

Richie looked at him like he was stupid. "I'm going back to Derry because I made a fucking blood oath. You're staying here and practicing for The Full Frontal Page."

"Rich, you know I'm not letting you take care of whatever has you so shaken up alone," Barry looked at Sally to check if he was doing the right thing.

Her expression was tight and full of concern. "At least let Barry be your chauffeur," she said.

That caused Richie to pause. Barry would accept any small victory that was granted to him. "I'll drive you to the airport, then I'll drive the rental when we get to Derry."

When Richie sighed, Barry knew he had caved. "Pack enough for a week at most, shouldn't be more than a couple of days though."

So that was how Barry found himself on a plane not too long after he had dropped Fuches off at the airport. Richie got them first class tickets, which probably wouldn't have been possible so last minute had it not been for Richie's status. Barry had never flown first class before. Usually, he'd fly economy with Delta because they were cheap.

"Why the fuck did you bring a gun in your checked baggage?" Richie hissed once they were in the air. He had downed both his and Barry's champagne at the first opportunity.

Barry shrugged. "You seemed pretty freaked, and Derry always was a shitty place."

Richie rubbed his temples and closed his eyes. "I swear to fuck if you accidentally shoot me, I'm gonna haunt your ass."

When Mike Hanlon had gone searching for the Losers, he had some trouble finding ways to contact the famous ones privately. Still, he managed to find them and their cell phone numbers. He'd called all six of them, and hoped they'd make good on their promise. At the Jade of the Orient, it was nice to see everyone. Except, Stan was running late and Richie brought his brother. Barry Berkman had practically no paper trail once he left the marines. Mike had done the research, keeping track of the Losers and those important to them just in case. So, it was rather odd seeing Richie's twin brother sitting at the table with them.

This wasn't the lucky seven. Barry had a darkness surrounding him, something that It could capitalize on if they weren't careful.

"I completely forgot you had a brother," Bev said to Richie. "It's like, I remembered that there were seven of us, but I didn't remember your *twin brother*," she had a glint of mischief in her eyes as she spoke. That mischief that was gone in her publicity interviews was back now that she was with the Losers. It was good to see.

Bill shifted uncomfortably in his seat and looked down at his food. Eddie nodded and put an arm on Richie's shoulder. "You don't even talk about him in your shows."

Richie smirked, his face ever so slightly pink. "You watch my shows?"

Barry smiled knowingly as Eddie scoffed and stopped touching him. He grabbed his wine and rolled his eyes. "It's awful. You're not funny."

Bill cleared his throat. "So, Barry what have you been up to? We've just been sitting here talking about ourselves like asshole."

"I was in the marines, and then I was working in auto parts. I moved to L.A. and now I'm taking an acting class," Barry gave a tight smile.

Richie frowned and furrowed his brows. "Auto parts? You're telling me mom was working in *auto parts* when we were teenagers?"

Barry shrugged and looked down at his food. "She was probably one of those car show girls."

That caused the others at the table to laugh. Mike choked on his drink and coughed. With that, the chatter got louder as everyone got drunker. They were interrupted when Stan entered the room. "What did I miss?" He asked with the corners of his lips tipped upward.

Barry stood and offered his seat to Stan. "I'm the one intruding. Richie will pay for me. I'll meet you guys back at the Townhouse."

With that switch off, Mike could get down to business. But things went haywire as soon as the fortune cookies came out.

When Barry came back to the Townhouse, he expected to be alone. There hadn't been any workers there when he and Richie checked in. It was... odd. But so was everything else about Derry. He wasn't alone, though. A woman was wandering around, running her finger along the dusty surfaces. She grimaced and went rifling through her purse.

"Are you waiting for someone?" Barry asked, grabbing her attention.

She looked at him with wide eyes, then gave him a nervous smile. "My husband is having dinner with some friends, we just flew in from Georgia."

Barry nodded and watched as she finally grabbed a wet wipe from her purse. She used it to scrub at the surface of the desk that she had touched. "My brother's having dinner with friends too. We came from LA."

"What a coincidence," the woman bit her lip as she focused. "Does nobody work here? What the fuck. It's like it hasn't been cleaned in decades."

Barry let himself really look at the place. It wasn't much different than the motels he would stay at before LA. "No one was here when we checked in, either."

She tsked. "Stan, what the hell kinda place did you grow up in," she said, more to herself than to anyone else.

"Stan?" Barry furrowed his brows. "Stan Uris?"

She quickly looked at him. "Why?"

"My brother is having dinner with that guy. We grew up together, they were best friends," Barry shook his head. "You probably meant some other Stan, though."

The woman smiled. "I'm Patricia Uris, Stan is my husband. You can call me Patty."

"Oh!" Patty looked at him expectantly as she held her hand out. Barry shook it with a smile. "Barry Berkman," he said.

"Were you friends with Stan?" Patty asked, walking toward the stairs.

Barry frowned but followed her. "Uh, no. I didn't have friends. Richie did, though. I guess it's better to be a loud mouth than the quiet kid."

"That's a shame, I was hoping you could tell me what he was like as a kid."

"I mean, Richie and Stan had been bound at the hip since kindergarten. Stan was a boy scout that liked bird watching, and Richie thought he was really funny."

She smiled, but it didn't reach her eyes. "Do you know why they decided to meet up so last minute and out of the blue?" Her voice was quieter, as if she thought they could come back at any moment and catch them gossiping.

Barry shrugged. "Richie was shaken up when Mike called him but he didn't tell me what it was about."

Patty nodded and stopped by a door. "This is mine and Stan's room," she pointed. "It was nice talking to you, Barry."

"Have a good night, Patty," Barry smiled as he left her.

Once he got to the room he was sharing with Richie - the only one with two queen beds - Barry sent out some texts. Mr. Cousineau said that he hoped whatever family emergency was going on would be over quickly, and Barry smiled at the thought that Gene might miss him when he wasn't in class. Sitting on his bed, the sound of footsteps grabbed his attention.

He looked up, only to freeze. Fuches stood, leaning against the doorframe of the bathroom. "Did you really think getting rid of me would be that easy?" Fuches smirked, crossing his arms over his chest.

"What are you doing here?" Barry's words came out in a rush as he stood. "You have to go."

Fuches tilted his head as he slowly walked toward Barry. "Before Richie gets back? Before he finds out what you've really been doing with your life since you got back to the states?"

"How did you know I'm here?"

"I know everything about you, Barry," Fuches put his hands on Barry's biceps and looked up at him. "You don't want Richie to know what you've done. He'll figure out what a monster you are, and then you'll have to kill him to keep him from ratting you out. Think you can do that, Barry?" The grip tightened and Fuches' expression lost its amusement. It was blank, his beady eyes like that of a rat. "Can you kill your brother?"

Barry shook his head. "Fuches, please don't do this."

He was already frozen in fear, but when he noticed that the shift of Fuches' face continued, he didn't think he was breathing. The man was getting paler, a grin spreading across his face that didn't match his eyes. One of his eyes was turning toward the wall while the other stayed focused on Barry. "You're scared," his voice took on a gravelly quality. "You know you'd do it. Chris got along with you better than Rich, and you still iced him. You wouldn't hesitate to snap Richie's neck."

Barry shook his head and looked down at the ground. He furrowed his brows when he noticed that Fuches' jeans were replaced with loose, white pants. The man's shoes were white and red boots, with red pom poms at the toes. "What the fuck..." Barry whispered, looking back up at the man's face.

The face looking at him wasn't the man he'd come to know and see as family. Instead, it was a stranger. A clown with a painted on smile and yellow eyes. Barry took a deep breath and grabbed the clown's arms, keeping him in place as he turned him. Moving his hold, Barry put his arm around the clown's throat. He used his bicep and forearm to squeeze. Except, the clown was laughing. Cackling.

The door to the room opened. "Holy fuck!" Richie yelled.

Barry turned his head to him with wide eyes. Instinctually, his grip tightened, only for the weight against him to vanish. His arms dropped. "What the fuck!"

Richie rushed over to him, putting his hands on him. "Barry look at me," he said. So, Barry did. The familiar sight of his own face would normally set him off, but Richie was different. Richie had a softness that Barry lacked. "You're okay. Whatever you saw before the clown, it wasn't real. It just likes to fuck with you, make you scared so you taste better."

"What?!"

Richie had to sit Barry down and explain everything. The summer of

1989, the memory issues that come from Derry and It, and that Mike brought them here again to stop It for good. When Richie said that they were getting the fuck out of dodge as fast as possible, Barry's face hardened. "We're killing that thing," he stated. "If It's killing innocent kids, we're killing It."

So, Richie sighed and brought Barry downstairs. Just when they got there, Bev and Ben were talking about psychic visions. Apparently, Bev had been having dreams about them all dying if they didn't defeat It. She had been relieved and shocked when Stan turned up at the Jade of the Orient.

Before he knew it, all the Losers gathered at the Townhouse bar along with Patty and Barry. Patty hadn't seen It but she believed Stan when he explained everything to her. The other Losers had raised their eyebrows and frowned when Barry explained that he had an encounter with It. "What'd you see?" Eddie asked.

"No."

Richie laughed and covered his mouth at Barry's response. Stan sighed and rubbed his temples. "If Mr. Emotionless doesn't want to disclose what he saw, then he doesn't have to."

"It probably was something about Afghanistan, right?" Bev said, a reassuring look in her eyes. "You don't have to talk about it. Richie never saw anything except for when we were all together."

Mike and Bill started talking about a ritual. They were going to defeat It for good. But first, they were going to sleep, and then Mike had to take them somewhere.

The clubhouse. Tokens. It all sounded like bullshit, but Richie was gonna do it. He wasn't going to, had it not been for the hard set of Barry's jaw. No matter how many times Richie had seen the coldness within Barry, it would always terrify him. The thought that his face was capable of looking like that, so serious and blank, was scary.

After he killed Henry Bowers, Richie felt like Barry would understand. Surely, he felt like this after his first kill in the marines. The tremor in his hands, the nausea. Barry got to the library, and

helped them hide the body. He was robotic about it. There wasn't any hesitancy in the way he picked Bowers up, put him in the trunk of the ancient car, and turned to the Losers expectantly. Stan was in the library, scrubbing the blood up with bleach. Ben got in his rental, said he would follow Barry so they could head back together.

Richie watched the ease that Barry carried with him as he drove with a corpse in the trunk of a stolen car.

"That feels too easy," Mike said as he stood next to Richie in the parking lot. Eddie had meticulously stitched his arm up and covered it with the same gauze used to cover the hole in his face.

Richie adjusted his glasses and turned to Mike. "I gotta be honest, man. I do not vibe with the way he didn't give a single shit that I killed a guy."

Mike grabbed his good arm, the same way he used to when they were kids. "He didn't have a paper trail once he got back to the states, Rich," he said. "His files from the marines are all sealed off, the public information has things redacted that shouldn't be redacted."

"Mom never worked in auto parts," Richie looked in the direction that the cars went. He had a bad feeling about it all.

3. Chapter 3

Eddie Kaspbrak had always sort of known he was gay. The things Richie would say always made him blush. But, he would pretend it all pissed him off. If he hated the things Richie would say and do, there was no way he could be gay. Sure, he didn't have any feelings for Bev, and when his mother asked if he had a crush on anyone in high school, he had lied and said Greta Keene, but that didn't mean he was gay. He was just... picky.

At the age of 40, Eddie had his hands on Richie's face as he stood on the tips of his toes to kiss him. He had begun the process for an official divorce, having told Myra he wasn't coming back when he left for Derry. He hadn't expected to gain the courage to actually make his feelings for Richie known, or to move in with him in LA.

He did it.

He was in Richie's stupidly big penthouse apartment, fixing the organization in the master bedroom. Eddie had gotten all his shit, and brought it across the country. A fresh start, a healthier life. Sure, Eddie had already been photographed with the Tozier twins as soon as they left the airport, but he had a weight off his chest.

"You've folded and ironed those shirts three times in the past two days," Richie's voice grabbed him from his thoughts.

Eddie took a deep breath and finished folding the last shirt while Richie put his chin on his shoulder. The taller man pressed a kiss against his neck. It was fine. Everything was great. "Myra accused me of giving her an STD, said it was in the incubation stage."

Richie hugged him. "Did you tell her that if you have one it's from fucking her mom?"

Eddie laughed, covering his face. "Shut up," he leaned his head back against Richie's chest. "Her and I hadn't had sex in at least a year, so I told her if she had an STD in the incubation stage it wouldn't be from me."

"It's from Barry," Eddie could feel Richie's smile as he pressed a kiss to his head. He had been very affectionate since they had gotten together. For the first time in his life, Eddie didn't have a problem with it. "It was a very hush hush affair," Richie chuckled. It was nice that he laughed at his own jokes.

Eddie rolled his eyes and turned, putting his hands in the waistband of Richie's sweatpants. "It would be such a shame if Barry does have an STD," he smirked. "The thought of two of you-"

Richie grimaced. "Nope. Do not even jokingly suggest a threesome with my brother. That's disgusting."

Eddie laughed. "Sorry, sorry. I won't do it again."

Even though it was true that at this point in their relationship, everything about Richie turned Eddie on, as if they were teenagers, Eddie knew that Barry was different. There were very slight differences to his appearance as compared to Richie's, but they were enough. He didn't have the same lazy eye that Richie had that fucked

up his sight so much, and the lines on his face were much harsher. Eddie loved Richie's softness, and he thought the situation with his left eye was cute.

Eddie kissed Richie on the mouth, giving his ass a squeeze. Richie groaned and leaned forward, just as his phone vibrated in his pocket. Eddie frowned and leaned back, letting his feet rest flatly on the floor. Richie sighed and checked the new message. "Barry invited us for drinks with his acting teacher and his girlfriend."

"You can say Sally's name, I've met her," Eddie furrowed his brows.

"I meant the acting teachers girlfriend," Richie corrected. "I'm gonna say yes because my therapist said I should interact with Barry in more social situations."

They were both seeing therapists. Two different therapists, to be exact. Eddie had gotten paranoid at the thought of going to the same one as Richie. He needed to know for sure that the doctor wasn't telling Richie all of his problems - every small thing wrong with him because of how much his mother fucked him up. "Is it tonight?" Eddie took his hands off of Richie.

Richie nodded before biting one of his nails. "Let me know if you notice anything weird about him, okay?" His words were ever so slightly muffled. Eddie grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand away from his mouth. "I know you two didn't know each other when we were kids, and you haven't really hung out with him since you moved here, but if you get any bad vibes tell me."

Eddie remembered being 11, hanging out at the Tozier's house in the middle of summer. It was 1987, Richie, Eddie, Bill, and Stan were playing in the front yard while Wentworth worked on the car in the driveway and Barry sat alone on the porch. Eddie needed to take a break when his watch beeped. He went to the porch in order to take his medication. He sat next to Barry, frowning at the sight of him looking at a worm on the ground in front of him.

He was holding the worm still, pulling just a little bit with both hands. "You're gonna kill that thing," Eddie said as he grabbed his bottle of Snapple Tru Root Beer and screwed off the top.

Barry looked at him, finally pulling the worm apart into two pieces. "Yeah," he said.

In the present, Eddie nodded and said okay. He smiled and told Richie everything would be alright, even though he wasn't sure if that was the case. He wanted to like Barry, he really did, it was just so awkward. There was an uncanny valley element to talking to him while being so close to Richie. He could pass as Richie, but there were obvious differences. When they were younger, the differences were just their wardrobe and Richie's glasses.

They went about their afternoon the way they usually did, making up for lost time by making out on the couch while episodes of It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia played on Hulu. Richie sucked hickies onto Eddie's neck while giving him a sloppy hand job. Truly, it was everything they had been missing out on over the last 27 years. "If I have to wear a goddamn turtleneck I'm killing you," Eddie said as they laid on the couch. Richie was resting his head on his chest, curled up on him with his eyes closed while Eddie ran his hands through his hair.

"We're gonna have to shower," Richie ignored the statement while idling tracing patterns on Eddie's exposed stomach with his finger.

Eddie licked his lips as the characters on screen fell silent. *I think I'm out now. Yeah, I-I'm gay'* one of them said. "Did you really cum in your pants because you got to touch my dick?"

Gene M. Cousineau had never been much of a fan of gossip columns, but when he had been at the grocery store and he spotted a familiar face on one of the rags, he couldn't stop himself from looking it over. Barry, a man with the exact same face as him, and another man were on the cover. The words "Trashmouth's Big Secret" were bold and in white in the corner of the page. So, he asked Barry to invite his brother for drinks with them and Janice.

"It's a pleasure to see you again," Janice said as she shook Barry's brother's hand.

The man smiled nervously. "Detective, I didn't know you were Gene's girlfriend. I would have dressed nicer."

The other man rolled his eyes. He was holding Barry's brother's other hand. "He would not have dressed nicer," he smiled and shook Gene's hand. "I'm Eddie, Richie's boyfriend."

"Nice to meet you both," Gene said in greeting. They sat around the table as Gene poured drinks. "Barry never mentioned having a twin brother," he decided to cut to the chase. "I figured it out when I saw two of him on a gossip magazine in the grocery store."

He sat the drinks down in front of the others. Janice smiled at him, while Barry downed his drink in one gulp. "I interviewed Richie during the Ryan Madison case," she said. "Then I felt like shit when it turned out the entire thing was because of the mafia."

Richie shrugged. "Frank Sinatra tried to hire a hitman to take out Woody Allen. Maybe being interviewed for a case involving the mafia will give me the proper street cred."

Eddie choked on his drink, coughing into his hand. "Shut the fuck up," he said when he gathered himself. "That can't be true."

Gene noticed how uncomfortable Barry seemed by the topic. Maybe he was still a little raw because he only knew Ryan for a day before he was killed. "Were you guys like those showbiz families that would put on performances in the living room?"

"No," Barry said. "If we were, I feel like I would have wanted to be an actor a lot sooner."

Richie nodded at that response. "Barry-bear was shy as a kid."

Eddie scoffed. "That's just your nice way of saying you talked over him all the time. Your stupid fucking impressions and characters."

"Yeah but you love 'em Eds, it's what makes me so chuckalicious,"

Richie put on a voice straight out of Grease while he leered at Eddie.

Barry cleared his throat awkwardly. "We weren't really close growing up, and we're trying to make up for it now."

Janice tilted her head in that adorable way that always made Gene smile. "Eddie, did you grow up with them?"

"Richie and I were friends from kindergarten until when we were 14. The Berkman-Tozier's moved to Cleveland, and I was stuck pining after my childhood crush because he moved away." Eddie smiled and grabbed Richie's hand.

Gene had to admit that over the course of the night, the differences between the twins were obvious. Richie was a wildcard that just wanted to be heard, while Barry just wanted guidance. He could understand why they hadn't gotten along, but he could also imagine a world where they did. Richie being the male authority figure Barry so desperately craved, Barry giving Richie the attention he needed. While one of them was a total pushover, the other lived up to his nickname of trashmouth.

Eventually, Janice had to go because she had to work the next day. Richie and Eddie left not too long after without bothering to give an explanation. So, Gene was sat alone at his kitchen table with Barry.

He seemed tired from the evening. "You alright?" Gene asked.

Barry looked at him with those searching eyes. The same look he had when he was running lines, asking for feedback. "I- yeah," he gave a small, tight lipped smile. "Richie just always takes something out of me. Like, a piece of my soul or something."

Gene nodded in understanding. "He definitely has a very large presence."

"I just don't get why he had such a problem with me when we were kids," Barry sat up straight, then he looked down and cracked his knuckles. "Before he made friends, we were good. We were as close as we could have been, watching movies together with our parents. Then, he met people and something changed."

"You're both very different people," Gene sighed. "He met people he had things in common with, and he got excited about it."

"There's still that wall between us," Barry looked at Gene again.

Gene drank the last of his whiskey. "You spent your entire adult lives away from each other, and now you're trying to find room. Give it time."

Barry nodded. "Thanks."

There was something different about Barry. Gene wanted to help him. It would be a difficult process, but he had a feeling he could do it.